



## THE COMING AUTUMN.

BY HENRY B. BURST.

Hurrah for brown Autumn, hurrah, hurrah,  
He hastens o'er valley and plain,  
And the withering wind is his shout of war,  
And many a leaf is the slain.  
He has won him a robe from the crimson leaves,  
And a crown from the ivy so green;  
In his hand he holdeth a stoop of wine—  
He's a jolly old fellow I ween.

The poet may sing of the beauties of Spring,  
And prate of the season of Love;  
But ho! for the hour when Autumn sings  
His armies o'er meadow and grove.  
And the wail of the wind is the song for me,  
With its wild and wail-like cry;  
For it echoes the tread of his heels so red,  
And it shouts as he gallopeth by—

Gallopeth, bringing the glittering frost,  
That maketh the blossoms decay,  
And driveth the birds from the woodland brown.  
To the tropical islets away.  
But he gives in their stead the ruddy fruit,  
And the reaper's frolicking song,  
And the hunter's horn on the naked hill  
As he chases the red deer along.

Hurrah for brown Autumn, hurrah, hurrah,  
He rides over valley and plain,  
As a conqueror rides through the carnage of war,  
And tramples the breast of the slain.  
With the loud trumpet shout for his battle cry,  
And the host for his keen-edged sword,  
He maketh the oak and the blossom to die  
In the dust, at the feet of his Lord.

## THE POWER.

See, full of hope, thou trustest to the earth,  
The golden seed, and waitest till the spring;  
Summonest the buried to a happier birth;  
But in Time's "arrow" daily scattering,  
Think'st thou, how dead the wisdom sown may be  
Silently ripened for Eternity!

## HOW TO LIVE AND HOW TO DIE.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To the pale realm of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to thy dungeon—but sustained and  
soothed.

By an unfeeling, trifling, speech the grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

## A WORD TO THE MICHIGIN.

Take this day by the collar—'twill be the same story  
To-morrow, and the next more dilatory;  
The decision brings its own delays,  
And days are lost lamenting over days.  
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute—  
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;  
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it;  
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—  
Begin it, and the work will be completed!—*Guthrie.*

## THE POOR SAILOR BOY.

On the night of Tuesday, January 10,  
just as I was beginning to enjoy the sense  
of increased safety and comfort in the  
abatement of the tempestuous weather, a  
startling and painful incident occurred,  
which gave me new and vivid impressions  
of the danger of the sea.

At eight o'clock in the evening, the  
wind being still so strong that the  
brig was staggering under the few sails  
which she was carrying, there were ap-  
pearances of the rapid approach of a vi-  
olent squall, which made it necessary to  
reduce our canvas to the fore-top-sail and  
fore-sail.

When the order was given to  
take in the jib, I went down into the cab-  
in, and was trying to amuse myself in  
my solitude, when I was suddenly start-  
led by a most dismal groaning sound,  
which seemed to come to me through the  
side of the vessel. Before I had time to  
ask or seek the cause of the strange noise,  
I heard a sharp quick cry of alarm on  
deck, followed by the sound of a person  
rushing to the side of the brig, instantly  
succeeded by a stumble and a heavy fall  
nearly over my head. The groaning  
noise meanwhile continued sharpened into  
a cry of human agony and despair. I  
sprang upon deck, and there saw the cap-  
tain, both the mates, and two sailors,  
standing aft and looking into the water  
behind us, motionless, and seemingly  
overwhelmed with distress, while from  
the sea in our wake came that awful cry,  
still louder and piercing, though receding  
fast; and to every scream of alarm re-  
sponded in tones of anguish—"O poor boy!  
poor boy! poor boy!" With a fearful  
guess of the accident I called out, "What  
is it?" All the officers simultaneously  
answered me, "The boy is overboard."

This was indeed the horrid fact. Two  
sailors with the boy were occupied with  
furling the jib—he innermost, and in the  
safest place, on the cap of the bowsprit—  
while they were out beyond him on the  
jib boom: he suddenly, without any par-  
ticular cause, slipped from the place  
he was besiding and fell into the sea—the  
first notice of his fall being his cries  
as he rose in the water. The mate was  
on the bows at the time, superintending  
the execution of the order, and as soon  
as he could speak after learning what had  
happened, cried out—"The boy's over-  
board." Quick as light, both in thought  
and action, the captain sprang to the lar-  
board rail where the main-brace, an im-  
mensely long line which hung in a huge  
coil on a belaying pin, nearly abreast of  
the companionway, (our main brace be-  
laying aft, contrary to the usual custom,)  
with the intention of throwing it over in-  
to the sea, when it would have gone many  
fathoms behind us, and almost sure to  
have been grasped by the poor boy, who

in his agonizing and almost supernatural  
efforts, was still nearly keeping up with  
us and had not yet fallen astern. It would  
have been his last chance of life; but it  
failed him. The deck was with the  
dashing waves; the captain's foot slipped  
and he fell into the lee scuppers with vi-  
olence, stunned for a moment, and severely  
bruised. When he rose to his feet, the  
wretched sufferer was far astern, be-  
yond the reach of any such aid!

Still the boy's unearthly scream,  
—"the babbling cry,"  
Of that strong swimmer in his agony,"—

was wringing with dreadful distinctness  
in our ears, at intervals half obscured as  
he descended into the hollows of the  
mountain sea, and then pealing out again  
with redoubled power at the next rolling  
wave lifted him to its foaming top for a  
moment. As I lingered waiting for the  
sounds to cease, I suffered almost the  
horrors of death itself, in thus counting  
each heart-breaking degree of misery and  
aggravating despair which I knew were  
coming over him every moment, as he  
found the vessel receding, his strength  
and heart failing, and his apprehension  
of certain death increasing. He was a  
native of Turk's Island in the Bahamas,  
where he was brought up on the sea shore,  
living one half the time in the water,  
throughout the year, and like all his almost  
amphibious countrymen, swimming like a  
fish. I have no doubt that the wretched  
being swam for more than an hour after us,  
until at last the awful certainty of his  
terrible doom came over him; and there,  
alone amid the pitiless waves—ALONE,  
alone in the wide waters of the cold oc-  
cean, abandoned by man, with no hope  
for heaven or earth,

He sunk into depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknelt, unclothed, and un-  
known.

The night was perfectly dark—so that  
he was not once to be seen after he fell.—  
We could not see so far as the breadth of  
the vessel. A drenching rain, coming on  
at the same moment added to the confu-  
sion of the furious gust that was already  
howling through our rigging, and laying  
the vessel almost on her side—the tops of  
the waves being swept by the wind into  
sheets of spray, and raising their voice as  
if in triumph over their helpless victim.—  
But over all, yet sounded that despairing  
death cry, shrill though fainter, telling us  
that still he struggled against prolonged  
though certain destruction. I could hear  
it no longer, and rushed down into the  
cabin to escape the sound. But, incredi-  
ble as it may appear I still heard it dis-  
tinctly *even there*, though he must have  
been nearly a mile off from us. I never  
can forget that sound. It was like  
nothing else that I ever heard. I shudder  
now, in recalling it. I have since seen  
death in many shapes, but never in a form  
so terrible.

The sound of the sailors resuming their  
labors on deck, called me up again; and  
when I came out of the cabin they were  
lowering and stowing the main-sail—a  
measure which had already become ur-  
gently necessary. The cry was heard no  
more—no more for ever. We flew on,  
in our gloomy way before the blast; and  
there were dark and hardened faces among  
us wet with something else than the rain  
and spray.

I thought and studied all the circum-  
stances over, many times, with a deep-  
ening conviction of our total inability to  
help him. Our small boat was hauled up  
astern, and "parbuckled," and lashed with  
many fastenings that would have much  
delayed an attempt to save him in a  
smooth calm sea in broad day light. It  
would have required four men to row the  
boat, and one to steer her in the proper  
direction. This would have taken every  
man from us except the captain and the  
cook, if every circumstance had favored us.  
An accident to the boat, then, would have  
left the brig totally unmanned. The boat  
itself if lowered would have struck the  
sea "broadside on," which, with our ve-  
locity would have swamped her, and torn  
her to pieces. Our long boat was out of  
the question, of course, being stowed  
bottom upwards on deck, between the  
masts, (and atwart ships, to accommodate  
the emigrants,) requiring our whole force  
for half a day, when in port, to get her  
into the water.

The result was, a painful conviction of  
the utter hopelessness of relief to any  
person that should fall overboard on the  
passage, while we were making such  
headway.

Under such circumstances, the most en-  
viable would be that of one who could  
not swim and who would go down imme-  
diately.

That day according to custom, the last  
boy's chest was brought up on deck, and  
his clothes and other little property put  
up at auction, the proceeds being deposited  
with the balance of his wages for the  
benefit of his friends. He was a rough,  
neglected looking boy, about 16 or 17  
years old. He had been abandoned in

New York by the shipmaster who first  
employed and brought him from home,  
and being a totally friendless stranger, he  
fell into great want and suffering, begging  
his food and sleeping in the markets. In  
this condition he was found by some be-  
nevolent persons, and came under the no-  
tice of captain Howland, who took him  
under his care and provided him a place in  
the Rondout, where he showed himself  
active, industrious and obedient. Knowing  
these circumstances of his former degra-  
dation, I was surprised when we found in  
his chest a very well written letter to his  
parents which he had composed entirely  
by himself, in the fore-castle, since he  
came on board, in preparation for any  
possible opportunity to send it to his  
home on Turk's Island.—The language  
was grammatical and well chosen, though  
simple; and it was written in a legible  
hand, though with a bad pen and the  
worst of accommodations. He gave his  
friends a general account of his situation,  
told them he was doing well with Capt.  
Howland and was treated very kindly by  
him. As I rather think the captain's  
tears burst out afresh; and I read fur-  
ther, the poor boy's kind little message  
to his brothers and sisters in the beloved  
island home to which his heart yearned  
in his woful exile, and especially the an-  
xious affection which he found expressed  
for mother and the baby. Never had  
a stranger a more heart-felt mourning  
than was made over him by some "unused  
to the melting mood." His name was  
Earnest Augustus Darrel. This is his  
only funeral rite, epitaph or memorial,  
except in the sorrowful remembrance of  
that poor family that looked so long in  
vain for him, and perhaps never learned  
the particulars of his melancholy loss.

## THE LAST SILVER SPOON.

AN INCIDENT FROM REAL LIFE.

An incident of a deeply interesting na-  
ture passed under our observation not a  
great while since. The pressure of the  
time, the losses of banks, by the explo-  
sions of stock bubbles, and the deprecia-  
tion of property, have, as we all know,  
produced many touching and painful  
cases of distress. The rich have become  
poor, the easy in circumstances have been  
reduced to want, and many a father, who  
had devoted the flower of his life to the  
accumulation of a moderate independence,  
and who had, with pride and joy, watch-  
ed the growth of his children, dearest in  
some cases than life itself, have suffered  
deeply and keenly. It is too often the  
error, moreover, of fond and indulgent  
parents, to unfit their offspring for their  
reverses of fortune. They train them up  
like hot-house plants, forgetful of the cold  
blasts of misfortune, or indulging the hope  
that they at least will escape vicissitude,  
and not be called upon to labor for their  
daily bread. It is in such cases that the  
sorrows of adversity are felt with the most  
acuteness; and the wonder is, not that we  
occasionally hear of a mind too weak to  
bear up amid the darkness of despair; but  
that so many who have been toppled in  
an instant, as it were, from high pros-  
perity to ruin and penury should still, in the  
true spirit of philosophy and Christianity,  
struggle nobly and manfully on. Such  
ordeal are the true tests of character. If  
passed through unscathed, they indicate  
the possession of the noble energies of our  
race, while they also bespeak a proper  
confidence in Providence, and in the glo-  
rious faith of our religion. How beau-  
tiful does the character of woman shine  
forth amidst sorrow and suffering! How  
her gentle spirit rises, and acquires new  
nerve and fresh vigor, as the clouds of ad-  
versity gather! How she clings with a  
fidelity which has no kindred to mere  
earthly things, to the beings of her love!  
What sacrifices she makes! What trials  
she submits to, and with a spirit of calm  
and patient martyrdom! How she some-  
times lives upon a crust a day, rather than  
add to the sufferings of the idol of her  
heart, or with the object of relieving the  
distresses of her children! But, to our  
incident.

We happened, not long ago, to be sit-  
ting in the room of a friend, a jeweler and  
silversmith, well known to the commu-  
nity as a man of integrity and character.  
His attention was suddenly called by an  
elderly gentleman, who opened the door  
of the store, passed hastily into the back  
office, where we were seated, and observ-  
ing that the store-keeper was not alone,  
as hastily withdrew. Our friend recog-  
nized, called to, and followed him. They  
conversed together for a few minutes, in  
an under tone, and then the store-keeper  
returned to his little office. He was agi-  
tated as well as affected. He stammered  
as he attempted to continue the conver-  
sation with us, and his eye was moistened  
with a tear. We looked at him inquir-  
ingly—he became more confused; and  
finding it impossible to control his feel-  
ings, or explain his conduct, he asked—  
"Do you know that old gentleman?"

We replied that we *thought* we did, but  
were not quite certain; and at the same  
time named an individual who formerly  
stood very high in our community as a  
merchant.

"Do you know any thing of his circum-  
stances?"

Nothing in detail; but some facts that  
have reached us, authorize a belief that he  
is quite poor.

"Poor, indeed!" responded our friend  
—and he drew from the case in which he  
had just deposited it, a silver spoon.  
"This," he remarked, "is the last of the  
family plate! Piece by piece has been  
sold in this way, and for many weeks  
past the spoons have been disposed of by  
that worthy but unfortunate man, with the  
object of attaining means wherewith to go  
to market. And once, not ten years ago,  
he ranked as a wealthy merchant of Phil-  
adelphia, and kept his carriage! He is  
now reduced to this painful extremity—  
has three lovely daughters, as well as an  
aged wife, who still look up to him as  
their only support, and Heaven knows  
what they will do, with this, their last re-  
source, exhausted!"

Our friend had scarcely concluded this  
brief account, when the slight figure of a  
young female, closely veiled, passed into  
the store. He left us again, and was ab-  
sent some time. On returning, he was  
evidently more affected than on the first  
occasion.—And yet, mingled with the sad  
expression of his countenance, was an evi-  
dent gleam of pleasure at something  
which had transpired. His story was a  
brief one: the female was the youngest  
daughter of the old gentleman. She, with  
her sisters, had long known their father's  
distress but not in its full reality. They  
had seen their luxuries depart one by one,  
and, instead of murmuring, had rejoiced  
that they were able so well to spare them.  
On the morning of the day in question,  
however, the mother came to them in  
tears, and told the whole story—adding  
that the last spoon had been borne away  
in the manner and for the purpose describ-  
ed. The poor girls were deeply touch-  
ed; but the intelligence was not altogether  
unexpected—for they had long vainly  
endeavored to close their eyes to the truth  
of the changed condition of their father.  
Their determination was speedily taken.  
They had still left many jewels, such as  
ear and finger-rings, bracelets and neck-  
laces, relics of former days and more afflu-  
ent circumstances. These they gathered  
together, and the object of the youngest,  
in visiting our friend, was to sell them for  
whatever they would bring, and place the  
money in the hand of the ruined mer-  
chant. The jeweler gave a liberal price;  
for, knowing all the circumstances of the  
case, his heart softened like that of a child,  
and he thanked God, as he related the lit-  
tle incident, that he had the means of as-  
sisting, even indirectly, a family every  
way worthy, and whose members, in the  
day of their prosperity, never turned the  
poor beggar from their door empty-hand-  
ed.—*Phil. Inquirer.*

## An Irish Pointer.

We scarcely know when we have  
laughed more merrily than over the fol-  
lowing humorous episode in the "Loiter-  
ings of Arthur O'Dearry," by "Harry  
Lorrequer." He had a horse. It had a  
trick of sinking upon its knees at the first  
touch of the spur, he thought of a scheme  
to turn this to account. He told a large  
party of sporting folks, (in Ireland of  
course) that he had a pony which sat at  
game like any pointer. He was laughed  
at, and large bets taken against his suc-  
cess in making the money point. Sending  
out a cunning fellow called Tim, to warn  
him of the right place, he rode to the  
sporting scene with all the anxious betters  
around him.

Before we proceeded half a mile, I  
saw Tim seated on a stile, scratching his  
head in a very knowing manner; upon  
which, I rode out from the party, and  
looked intently at the fuzee cover in front.

"Keep back the dogs there—call them  
off—lurch, not a word."

The hounds were called in, the party  
reined back their horses, and all sat silent  
spectators to my movements.

When suddenly I touched Paul in both  
flanks, down he dropped like a parish  
clerk snuff and motionless as a statue.

"What's that?" said two or three be-  
hind.

"He's setting," said I in a whisper.

"What is it though?" said one.

"A hair," said I, and at the same time I  
shouted to lay on the dogs, and tipping  
Paul's ears, forwards went. Out boiled  
puss, and away we started across the  
country, I leading and taking all before  
me.

We killed her in half an hour, and  
found ourselves not far from the first cov-  
er, my friend Tim being as before in  
advance, making the same signal as at  
first. The same performance was now

repeated. Paul went through his part to  
perfection; and notwithstanding the loss-  
es, a general cheer saluted us, as we  
sprung to our legs, and dashed after the  
dogs.

"Of course, I didn't spur him; every-  
thing now depended on my sustaining  
our united name and there was noth-  
ing too high or too wide for that morn-  
ing."

"What will you take for him, O'Kel-  
ly?" was the question of each man, as he  
came up to the last field.

"Would you like any further proof?"  
said I. "Is any gentleman dissatisfied?"

A gentleman "No" was the answer, and  
again offers were received from every  
quarter, while they produced their notes  
and sealed their bids. It was no part of  
my place, however to sell him; the trick  
might be discovered before I left the  
country, and if so there would not be a  
whole bone remaining in my skin.

My refusal evidently heightened both  
my value and his, and I sincerely believe  
that no story that I could tell, on our ride  
back to town, would not have met cred-  
ence that morning; and indeed, to do  
myself justice, I tried my popularity to  
the utmost.

By way of a short cut, as the fair was  
to begin at noon, we took a different route,  
which led across some grass fields, and a  
small river. In traversing this, I unfor-  
tunately was at the middle of some mir-  
aculous anecdote, and entirely forgot  
my pony and his acquirements, and as  
he stooped to drink, without thinking  
of what I was doing, with the common  
instinct of a rider, I touched him with the  
spur.—Scarcely had the rowel reached his  
side, when down he fell, sending me  
head foremost over his neck, into the wa-  
ter. For a second or two the strength of  
the current carried me along and it was  
after a devil of a scramble I gained my  
legs, and reached the bank wet through  
and heartily ashamed of myself.

"Eh, O'Kelly, what the deuce was that?"  
cried one of the party, as a roar of laugh-  
ter broke from among them.

"Ah!" said I mournfully, "I was not  
quite enough."

"Quick enough!" cried they. "Egad I  
never saw anything like it. Why, man,  
you were shot off like an arrow."

"Leaped off, if you please," said I, with  
an air of offended dignity—"leaped off—  
didn't you see it?"

"See what?"

"The salmon, to be sure. A twelve  
pounder, as sure as my name's O'Kelly."

He set it!

"Set a salmon!" shouted twelve voices  
in a breath. "The thing's impossi-  
ble."

"Would you like to bet on it?" said I  
dryly.

"No, no—no more bets; but surely—"

"Too provoking, after all," muttered I,  
"to have lost so fine a fish, and get a duck-  
ing!" and with that I mounted my barb,  
and waving my hand, wishing them a  
good bye, galloped into Lillale.

## The Personal Banner of Washington.

What a personal presence was that of  
the Father of his Country! All accounts  
agree in this. We heard an old gentle-  
man say, not long ago, that when a clerk  
in Philadelphia, he used to walk two or  
three squares every morning, to see  
Washington as he came down Market  
street to his quarters. "The dignity,"  
said he, "of his movements, the grace of  
his salutation, and the calm sweetness of  
his smile, were beyond description or  
comparison." Sitting the other day on a  
log, scarcely a stone's throw from where  
Andre was captured, and not far from the  
little Sleepy-Hollow Church, we conversed  
an hour with the revolutionary patri-  
ot, tremulous with the palsy of age, who  
pointed out to us the spot over the "Tap-  
pan Sea" which lay before us, where An-  
dre was hung, and where, on that day,  
the troops "spread out thick and black a  
long way from the gallows."—He lived  
at Verplank's Point, close by, when An-  
drew came down in his little barge, and  
went on board the *Vulture*, all which he  
himself saw.—"They fired two cannons  
at the barge," said he, "from his side;  
having got news by express; but the gun  
burst at the second discharge and took off  
the legs to the thighs, of one poor fellow,  
who was brought to our house, but he  
died in two hours.—"The army then lay  
at Bedford," continued the old veteran;  
and I saw General Washington almost  
every day. He was a noble looking  
man; his countenance was terribly pleas-  
ant. He did not talk much; but even the  
little children fairly loved him; and they  
used to gather about the door of his mar-  
quee every morning, to see him; and he  
used to pat their heads and smile on  
them; it was beautiful to see." How  
uniform and universal is this "testimony  
of the eye in the recollection of Wash-  
ington!"

## Spirit of Love.

Beyond all question, it is the unaltera-  
ble constitution of nature, that there is ef-  
ficacy, divine, unspeakable efficacy in  
love. The exhibition of kindness has the  
power to bring even the irrational animals  
into subjection. Show kindness to a dog,  
and he will remember it; he will be grate-  
ful; he will infallibly return love for  
love. Show kindness to a lion, and you  
can lead him by the mane, you can thrust  
your hand into his mouth; and you can  
melt the untamed ferocity of his heart into  
an affection stronger than death. In all  
God's vast, unbounded creation, there is  
not a living and sentient being, from the  
least to the largest, not one, not even the  
lowest and degraded serpent, that is in-  
sensible to acts of kindness. If love, such  
as our blessed Saviour manifested, could  
be introduced into the world and exert its  
appropriate dominion, it would restore a  
state of things more cheering, far brighter  
than the fabulous age of gold; it would  
pluck every poisonous root; it would  
hush every discordant voice. Even the  
inanimate creation is not insensible to this  
divine influence. The bud and flower and  
fruit put forth most abundantly and beau-  
tifully where the hand of kindness is ex-  
tended for their culture. And if this  
blessed influence should extend itself over  
the earth, a moral Garden of Eden would  
exist in every land; instead of the thorn  
and briar, would spring up the figtree and  
myrtle; the desert would blossom and the  
solitary place be made glad.—*Dr. Upham.*

A clergyman who is in the habit of  
preaching in different parts of the country,  
happened to be at an inn, where he observ-  
ed a horse-jockey trying to take in an  
honest man, by imposing upon him a  
broken winded horse, for a sound one.  
The parson knew the bad character of  
the jockey, and taking the gentleman  
aside, told him to be cautious of the per-  
son he was dealing with. The gentleman  
finally declined the purchase, and the  
jockey, quite nettled, observed, "Parson,  
I had much rather hear you preach, than  
see you privately interfere in bargains  
between man and man, in this way."  
"Well," replied the parson, "if you had  
been where you ought to have been last  
Sunday, you might have heard me preach."  
"Where was that?" inquired the jockey.  
"In the State Prison," returned the clergy-  
man.—*Chierist.*

The Drunkard's Will—I leave to so-  
ciety a ruined character, and a wretched  
example.

I leave to my parents during the rest  
of their lives, as much sorrow as human-  
ity, in a feeble and decrepid state, can  
sustain.

I leave to my brothers and sisters as  
much mortification and injury as I could  
well bring on them.

I leave to my wife a broken heart, a  
life of wretchedness, a shame to weep  
over me, and premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my  
children, poverty, ignorance, a low char-  
acter, and the remembrance that their  
father was a monster.

Toadyism.—We find the origin of this  
term, so much in vogue at the present  
day, given in Chambers' Edinburgh Jour-  
nal as follows:—

"A great personage wishing to get quit  
of a troublesome hanger on, caused a dish  
of toads to be served up one day instead  
of a dish of fish. The invention was  
seen; but the dependent knew too well  
the value of the connexion which he had  
established to take the hint. He partook  
of the toads with all the appearance of  
relish, never letting it be presumed that  
he thought them anything but good soles.  
Thereafter any one who was content to  
live on the bounty of another at the ex-  
pense of a few occasional insults was said  
to eat the person's toads—to be in short  
a fond eater."

Good!—A capital story is told of  
Judge Tappan, one of our senators in  
congress, who is unfortunately cross  
eyed.

A number of years ago he was judge  
of a newly organized court, in the  
eastern part of this state.

In those days of primitive simplicity,  
or perhaps poverty, the bar-room of a tavern  
was used as a court-room, and the  
stable as a jail. One day during the ses-  
sion of the court the judge had occasion  
to severely reprimand two of the lawyers  
who were wrangling. An odd looking  
old customer, who sat in one corner list-  
ening apparently with great satisfaction to  
the reproof and presuming on old acquaint-  
ance and the judge's well known good  
humor sung out, "Give it to 'em old gim-  
blet eyes!" "Who was that?" inquired the  
judge. "It was this 'ere old boss," an-  
swered the chap raising himself up. "Sher-  
iff," ordered the judge, with great gravi-  
ty, "take that old boss and put him in the  
stable."—*Ohio Statesman.*